

**PAROCHIAL CENTENARY**  
**of**  
**ST. MARK'S CHURCH**

**HYMNS SELECTED**  
**FOR**  
**THE HYMN-SINGING SERVICE**

**Thursday**  
**April 29, 1948**  
**at**  
**8 P. M.**



1.

THE Church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is his new creation  
By water and the word:  
From heaven he came and sought her  
To be his holy bride;  
With his own blood he bought her,  
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation,  
One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore opprest,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distrest;  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.



5 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God, the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with thee. Amen.

S. J. STONE, 1866

2.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on thee is stayed;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740



3.

COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy Name to sing,  
Help us to praise.  
Father whose love unknown  
All things created own,  
Build in our hearts thy throne,  
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,  
By heaven and earth adored;  
Our prayer attend:  
Come, and thy people bless;  
Come, give thy word success;  
Stablish thy righteousness,  
Saviour and friend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

4 To thee, great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore. Amen.

*Anonymous, c. 1757*



4.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before!  
 Christ, the royal Master,  
 Leads against the foe;  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, his banners go.  
*Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before!*

2 At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee;  
 On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory!  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise.

*Refrain*

3 Like a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God;  
 Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.

*Refrain*

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.

*Refrain*



5 Onward, then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng;  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph song:  
 Glory, laud, and honor,  
 Unto Christ the King;  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and angels sing.

*Refrain*

Amen.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1864

5.

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,  
 And ransom captive Israel,  
 That mourns in lonely exile here  
 Until the Son of God appear.  
*Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!*

2 O come, thou Wisdom from on high,  
 Who orderest all things mightily;  
 To us the path of knowledge show,  
 And teach us in her ways to go.

*Refrain*

3 O come, O come, thou Lord of might,  
 Who to thy tribes on Sinai's height  
 In ancient times didst give the law,  
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

*Refrain*

4 O come, thou Rod of Jesse's stem,  
 From every foe deliver them  
 That trust thy mighty power to save,  
 And give them victory o'er the grave.

*Refrain*

5 O come, thou Key of David, come,  
 And open wide our heavenly home;  
 Make safe the way that leads on high,  
 And close the path to misery.

*Refrain*



6 O come, thou Day-spring from on high,  
And cheer us by thy drawing nigh;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadow put to flight. *Refrain*

7 O come, Desire of nations, bind  
In one the hearts of all mankind;  
Bid thou our sad divisions cease,  
And be thyself our King of Peace. *Refrain*  
*Amen.*

*Latin, c. 9th cent.*

6.

O COME, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold him,  
Born the King of angels;  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb:  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created; *Refrain*

3 Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest; *Refrain*

4 See how the shepherds,  
Summoned to his cradle,  
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;  
We too will thither  
Bend our joyful footsteps; *Refrain*



5 Child, for us sinners  
Poor and in the manger,  
We would embrace thee, with love and awe;  
Who would not love thee,  
Loving us so dearly? *Refrain*

6 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,  
Born this happy morning;  
Jesus, to thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing; *Refrain*  
*Amen.*  
*Latin, 18th cent.*

7.

JESUS! Name of wondrous love!  
Name all other names above!  
Unto which must every knee  
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! Name decreed of old,  
To the maiden mother told,  
Kneeling in her lowly cell,  
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth,  
For the promise that it gave,  
"Jesus shall his people save."

4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,  
Given to the holy child  
When the cup of human woe  
First he tasted here below.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,  
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters and is saved.



6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
Human Name of God above;  
Pleading only this we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to thee. Amen.

W. W. HOW, 1854

8.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we then yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean;  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brighest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

9.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
Where the young Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine.  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707

10.

*ALL glory, laud, and honor  
To thee, Redeemer, King!  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.*

2 Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's Name comest,  
The King and Blessèd One.

*Refrain*

3 The company of angels  
Are praising thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.

*Refrain*

4 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before thee went:  
Our praise and prayers and anthems  
Before thee we present.

*Refrain*



5 To thee before thy passion  
They sang their hymns of praise:  
To thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.

*Refrain*

6 Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

*Refrain*  
Amen

ST. THEODULPH, c. 820

### 11.

O SACRED head, sore wounded,  
Defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head, surrounded  
With mocking crown of thorn:  
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?  
Can death thy bloom deflower?  
O countenance whose splendor  
The hosts of heaven adore!

2 Thy beauty, long-desirèd,  
Hath vanished from our sight;  
Thy power is all expired,  
And quenched the light of light.  
Ah me! for whom thou diest,  
Hide not so far thy grace:  
Show me, O Love most highest,  
The brightness of thy face.

3 In thy most bitter passion  
My heart to share doth cry,  
With thee for my salvation  
Upon the cross to die.  
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd  
To stand thy cross beneath,  
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,  
Yet thank thee for thy death.



4 My days are few, O fail not,  
With thine immortal power,  
To hold me that I quail not  
In death's most fearful hour:  
That I may fight befriended,  
And see in my last strife  
To me thine arms extended  
Upon the cross of life. Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT, 1656

12.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
Alleluia!  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Alleluia!  
Who did once upon the cross,  
Alleluia!  
Suffer to redeem our loss.  
Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,  
Alleluia!  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Alleluia!  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Alleluia!  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which he endured,  
Alleluia!  
Our salvation have procured;  
Alleluia!  
Now above the sky he's King,  
Alleluia!  
Where the angels ever sing.  
Alleluia!



4 Sing we to our God above,  
                                          Alleluia!  
 Praise eternal as his love;  
                                          Alleluia!  
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
                                          Alleluia!  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
                                          Alleluia!  
                                          Amen.  
                                          *Latin, 14th cent.*

### 13.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing  
 Praise to our victorious King,  
 Who hath washed us in the tide  
 Flowing from his piercèd side;  
 Praise we him, whose love divine  
 Gives his sacred Blood for wine,  
 Gives his Body for the feast,  
 Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,  
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
 Israel's hosts triumphant go  
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,  
 Paschal victim, Paschal bread;  
 With sincerity and love  
 Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,  
 Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;  
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
 Thou hast brought us life and light:  
 Now no more can death appall,  
 Now no more the grave enthrall;  
 Thou hast opened paradise,  
 And in thee thy saints shall rise.



4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
Sin alone can this destroy;  
From sin's power do thou set free  
Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.  
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,  
Father, unto thee we raise:  
Risen Lord, all praise to thee  
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

*Latin, 1632*

14.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness;  
God hath brought his Israel  
Into joy from sadness;  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;  
Christ hath burst his prison,  
And from three days' sleep in death  
As a sun hath risen;  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From his light, to whom we give  
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render;  
Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
Jesus' resurrection.



4 Neither might the gates of death,  
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal  
 Hold thee as a mortal:  
 But to-day amidst thine own  
 Thou didst stand, bestowing  
 That thy peace which evermore  
 Passeth human knowing. Amen.

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, *8th cent.*

15.

|                                  |           |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| HAIL the day that sees him rise, | Alleluia! |
| Glorious to his native skies;    | Alleluia! |
| Christ, awhile to mortals given, | Alleluia! |
| Enters now the highest heaven!   | Alleluia! |

|                                     |           |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| 2 There the glorious triumph waits; | Alleluia! |
| Lift your heads, eternal gates!     | Alleluia! |
| Wide unfold the radiant scene;      | Alleluia! |
| Take the King of glory in!          | Alleluia! |

|                                   |           |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| 3 See! he lifts his hands above;  | Alleluia! |
| See! he shows the prints of love: | Alleluia! |
| Hark! his gracious lips bestow,   | Alleluia! |
| Blessings on his Church below.    | Alleluia! |

|                                       |           |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|
| 4 Lord beyond our mortal sight,       | Alleluia! |
| Raise our hearts to reach thy height, | Alleluia! |
| There thy face unclouded see,         | Alleluia! |
| Find our heaven of heavens in thee.   | Alleluia! |
|                                       | Amen.     |

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739



ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus!  
 His the scepter, his the throne;  
 Alleluia! his the triumph,  
 His the victory alone;  
 Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion  
 Thunder light a mighty flood;  
 Jesus out of every nation  
 Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans  
 Are we left in sorrow now;  
 Alleluia! he is near us,  
 Faith believes, nor questions how:  
 Though the cloud from sight received him,  
 When the forty days were o'er,  
 Shall our hearts forget his promise,  
 "I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,  
 Thou on earth our food, our stay!  
 Alleluia! here the sinful  
 Flee to thee from day to day:  
 Intercessor, friend of sinners,  
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,  
 Where the songs of all the sinless  
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! King eternal,  
 Thee the Lord of lords we own:  
 Alleluia! born of Mary,  
 Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne:  
 Thou within the veil hast entered,  
 Robed in flesh, our great High Priest:  
 Thou on earth both Priest and Victim  
 In the eucharistic feast.



5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!  
His the scepter, his the throne;  
Alleluia! his the triumph,  
His the victory alone;  
Hark! the songs of holy Sion  
Thunder like a mighty flood;  
Jesus out of every nation  
Hath redeemed us by his blood. Amen.

W. C. DIX, 1866

17.

CROWN him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon his throne;  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own:  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of him who died for thee,  
And hail him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Son of God  
Before the worlds began,  
And ye, who tread where he hath trod,  
Crown him the Son of man;  
Who every grief hath known  
That wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for his own,  
That all in him may rest.

3 Crown him the Lord of life,  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
For those he came to save;  
His glories now we sing  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died, eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.



4 Crown him of lords the Lord,  
Who over all doth reign,  
Who once on earth, the incarnate Word,  
For ransomed sinners slain,  
Now lives in realms of light,  
Where saints with angels sing  
Their songs before him day and night,  
Their God, Redeemer, King.

5 Crown him the Lord of heaven,  
Enthroned in worlds above;  
Crown him the King, to whom is given  
The wondrous name of Love.  
Crown him with many crowns,  
As thrones before him fall,  
Crown him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
For he is King of all.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1851

18.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by thee we covet most,  
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,  
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore, give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore, give us love.



- 4 Faith and hope and love we see,  
Joining hand in hand, agree,  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

19.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.

- 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 3 Thy blessèd unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
4. Enable with perpetual light  
The dullness of our blinded sight.
- 5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face  
With the abundance of thy grace.
- 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:  
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And thee, of both, to be but One,
8. That through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song:
- 9 Praise to thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

*Latin, 9th cent.*



20.

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:  
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty,  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,  
Thou the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,  
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty,  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827

21.

I BIND unto myself to-day  
The Strong Name of the Trinity,  
By invocation of the same,  
The Three in One, and One in Three.

2 I bind this day to me for ever,  
By power of faith, Christ's Incarnation;  
His baptism in the Jordan river;  
His death on cross for my salvation;  
His bursting from the spiced tomb;  
His riding up the heavenly way;  
His coming at the day of doom:  
I bind unto myself to-day.



3 I bind unto myself the power  
Of the great love of cherubim ;  
The sweet "Well done" in judgment hour ;  
The service of the seraphim ;  
Confessors' faith, apostles' word,  
The patriarchs' prayers, the prophets' scrolls ;  
All good deeds done unto the Lord,  
And purity of virgin souls.

4 I bind unto myself to-day  
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,  
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,  
The whiteness of the moon at even,  
The flashing of the lightning free,  
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,  
The stable earth, the deep salt sea,  
Around the old eternal rocks.

5 I bind unto myself to-day  
The power of God to hold and lead,  
His eye to watch, his might to stay,  
His ear to hearken to my need ;  
The wisdom of my God to teach,  
His hand to guide, his shield to ward ;  
The word of God to give me speech,  
His heavenly host to be my guard.

6 Christ be with me, Christ within me,  
Christ behind me, Christ before me,  
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,  
Christ to comfort and restore me,  
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,  
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
Christ in hearts of all that love me,  
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.



7 I bind unto myself the Name,  
The strong Name of the Trinity;  
By invocation of the same,  
The Three in One, and One in Three.  
Of whom all nature hath creation;  
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word:  
Praise to the Lord of my salvation,  
Salvation is of Christ the Lord. Amen.

ST. PATRICK, 372-466

22.

HARK! the sound of holy voices,  
Chanting o'er the crystal sea,  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Alleluia, Lord, to thee!  
Multitude which none can number  
Like the stars in glory stands,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
Who prepared the way for Christ,  
King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
Martyr and evangelist,  
Saintly maiden, godly matron,  
Widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with thy cross, their banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their King.  
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;  
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.



4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite:  
Love and peace they taste for ever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessèd Trinity.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

23.

GOD, deigning man to be,  
Who in thy manhood strong  
Summoned to walk with thee  
Twelve from the common throng;  
As thou didst call them from their ways,  
Lord, call us too, who sing their praise!

2 Master, who walked the roads,  
Kindling with living flame  
Ancient and formal codes,  
Leading the twelve who came;  
As thou didst guide them in thy ways,  
Lord, teach us too, who sing their praise!

3 Victor upon thy throne,  
Reigning on high again,  
Sending the twelve, thine own,  
Forth to the world of men;  
As thou didst speed them on their ways,  
Lord, send us too, who sing their praise! Amen.

FRANK DAMROSCH, JR., 1939

24.

YE watchers and ye holy ones,  
Bright seraphs, cherubim, and thrones,  
Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!  
Cry out, dominions, principedoms, powers,  
Virtues, archangels, angels' choirs,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!



- 2 O higher than the cherubim,  
More glorious than the seraphim,  
Lead their praises, Alleluia!  
Thou bearer of the eternal Word,  
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,  
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,  
All saints triumphant, raise the song  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,  
Supernal anthems echoing,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! Amen.

J. A. L. RILEY, 1909

25.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.



3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

26.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719



A MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never failing;  
 Our helper he amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing:  
 For still our ancient foe  
 Doth seek to work us woe;  
 His craft and power are great,  
 And, armed with cruel hate,  
 On earth is not his equal.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing;  
 Were not the right man on our side,  
 The man of God's own choosing:  
 Dost ask who that may be?  
 Christ Jesus, it is he;  
 Lord Sabaoth his Name,  
 From age to age the same,  
 And he must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,  
 Should threaten to undo us;  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 His truth to triumph through us:  
 The prince of darkness grim,  
 We tremble not for him;  
 His rage we can endure,  
 For lo! his doom is sure,  
 One little word shall fell him.
- 4 That word above all earthly powers,  
 No thanks to them, abideth;  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
 Through him who with us sideth:  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also;  
 The body they may kill:  
 God's truth abideth still,  
 His kingdom is for ever.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529



28.

ALMIGHTY Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep:

O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, the Lord of hill and plain  
O'er which our traffic runs amain  
By mountain pass or valley low;  
Wherever, Lord, thy brethren go,  
Protect them by thy guarding hand  
From every peril on the land.

3 O Spirit, whom the Father sent  
To spread abroad the firmament;  
O Wind of heaven, by thy might  
Save all who dare the eagle's flight,  
And keep them by thy watchful care  
From every peril in the air.

4 O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to thee  
Glad praise from air and land and sea. Amen.

*Hymnal Version; St. 1, 4, WILLIAM WHITING, 1860, alt.*

29.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of the saints,  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil.



- 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,  
No mist nor darksome night;  
There every soul shines as the sun,  
For God himself gives light.
- 4 There lust and lucre cannot dwell;  
There envy bears no sway;  
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,  
But pleasure every way.
- 5 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green;  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.
- 6 Quite through the streets with silver sound  
The flood of life doth flow,  
Upon whose banks on every side  
The wood of life doth grow.
- 7 There trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring;  
There evermore the angels be,  
And evermore do sing.
- 8 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
God grant that I may see  
Thine endless joy, and of the same  
Partaker ever be!

F. B. P. c. 16th cent.

30.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead thou me on:  
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN, 1833

### 31.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.



3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till traveling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1846

### 32.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand,  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation, O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to rein.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819



### 33.

O SION, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,  
 To tell to all the world that God is Light;  
 That he who made all nations is not willing  
 One soul should perish, lost in shades of night:

*Publish glad tidings:  
 Tidings of peace,  
 Tidings of Jesus,  
 Redemption and release.*

2 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation  
 That God, in whom they live and move, is Love:  
 Tell how he stooped to save his lost creation,  
 And died on earth that man might live above.

*Refrain*

3 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;  
 Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;  
 Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious  
 Till God shall bring his kingdom's joyful day.

*Refrain*

4 He comes again! O Sion, ere thou meet him,  
 Make known to every heart his saving grace;  
 Let none whom he hath ransomed fail to greet him,  
 Through thy neglect, unfit to see his face.

*Refrain*

M. A. THOMSON, 1870

### 34.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear Name we raise  
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;  
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
 That in this house have called upon thy Name.

2 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;  
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light;  
 From harm and danger keep thy children free,  
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.



3 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life;  
Peace to thy Church from error and from strife;  
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love;  
Peace in each heart, thy Spirit from above:

4 Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;  
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;  
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1866